

BEYOND THE CIRCLING SUN

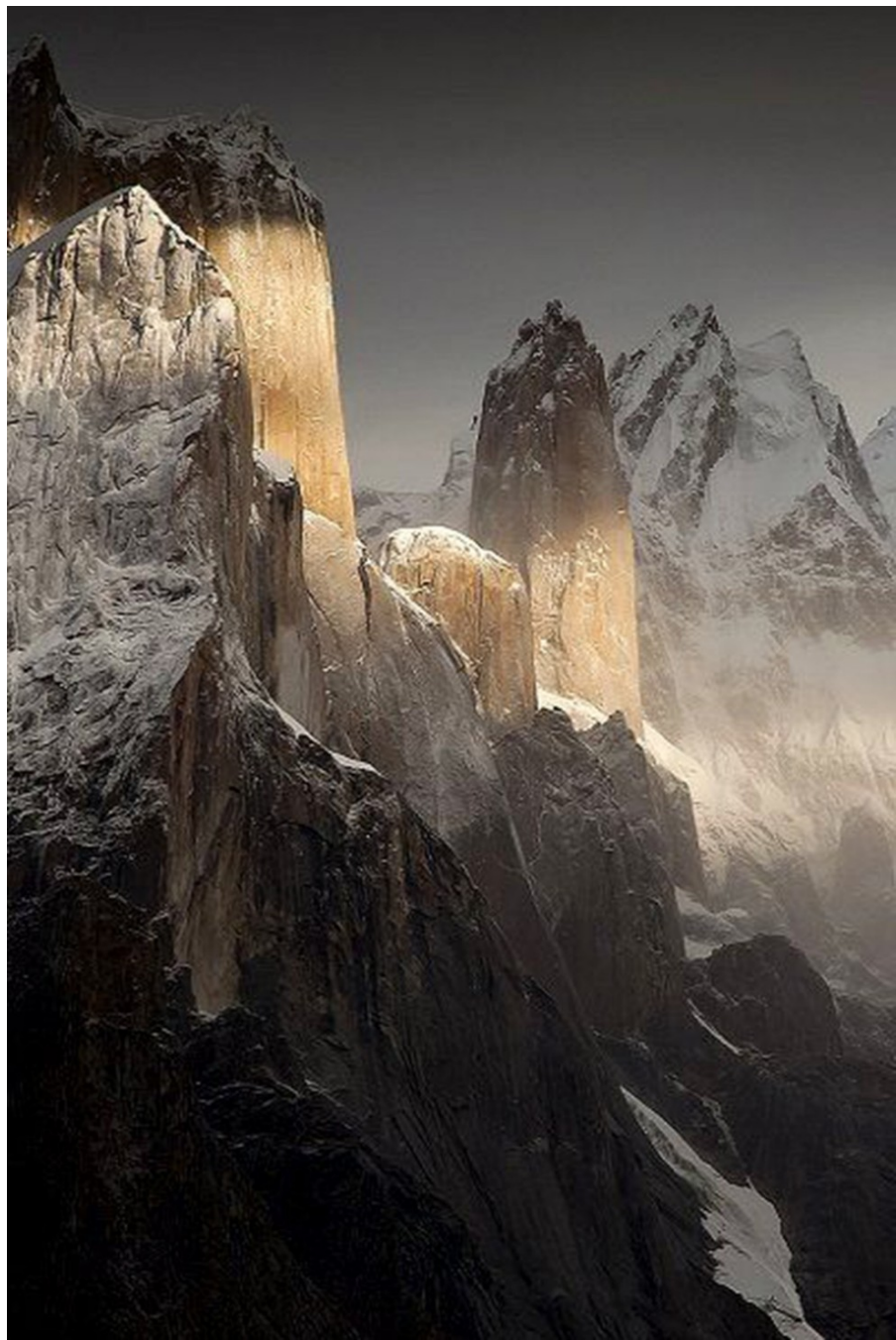
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S.R. BROOKS

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Paradise Mountain

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A surreal view of the Sun from outside the Borderland

Camera on tripod with wide angle lens to record this beautiful site as the Sun arches

away from view, in its concentric orbit above Earth on the other side of the Wal of Ice.

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Preface

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to others of what you have learned, for remember, this book has
spiritual y found you-not that

you found it.

My notes made possible, this story, to be published posthumously
under the pseudonyms

I have received the world's biggest secret, from my late wife, Myra, in
a series of lucid

Steig Johanssen (me) and Myra Hess, (my wife) The events in this
book, "Beyond the Circling

dreams-a verisimilitude to remote viewing. Individuals who are the
recipients of this

Sun," actually occurred. To be labeled as a work of fiction/fantasy
on the market, it is hoped

momentous story, can now witness to al others. It took painstaking
months to figure out what

that it will survive the initial scrutiny of all government control and
intelligence agencies

al was visual y and audibly transmitted in those dreams. Dreams of
vapor, not being able to

(namely the CIA and the Norwegian Intelligence Agency (NIA),
because once found, it will be

stand alone as a real and actual event- something I could touch and
feel. Was I to believe that

immediately banned. Blue prints of the actual craft (seen later) that I
plan to build will not be

I would be following a voice, the voice of my departed wife, to follow
and be with her forever,

released but only to a select few from around the world. If my book
is not published, it wil

forever in spirit?

survive as a PDF to all concerned, as my mission will be completed-

made possible by a higher

Many calculations of given clues to Myra's whereabouts, revealed an area south of Australia,

existence. If anyone should mysteriously find this book (in PDF) on their p/c's before the

at approximately 444 nautical miles (511 miles) due south. When looking for a small island or

publishing, then this book was meant for you or a friend of yours to act now and begin a

some port from a current oceanographic map, nothing could be found to moor a vessel, but an

"wave" of truth to others about your uncanny, but mind-awakening experience (probably an

endless ocean- which has perplexed me for a very long, agonizing time. My story begins with

OTB event-astral projection). An automatic upload (thousands upon thousands of "Beyond

me at a very early age, ensconced in the cold but nurturing mountains of Narvik, Norway; it

the Circling Sun") will be scheduled for release -soon after its publication, from an undisclosed,

concludes initial y at the summit of Paradise mountain and ultimately at the four rivers in the

underground web site; furthermore, a series of further uploads to "predetermined" email

Middle East. Here is where I tell my story, a story stranger than fiction. The events of my

addresses, to include a sacred code for each recipient, will be released intermittently and

sojourn will slowly be revealed as many will seek, until this truth is" discovered." Nearly all

*interminably. A code was given to me by my departed wife, in many
"lucid" dreams, to open*

*my life as an engineer, I lived a simple life, (a caring person) who
loved to tinker and ask*

*the gate of a "hidden reality: "Pale death beats equally at the poor
man's gate and at the palaces*

*many, many questions about life and the existence of a higher intel
ligence. I never thought it*

*of kings." It can never be used again, for it was only meant for one
passage, a safe passage for*

*would be me, but knew that Myra had it in her to convince others to
wake up the world --*

*me to the Borderlands- not to be construed as a Bifrost experience. It
is apparent we've been*

*removing a veil of disinformation over al that lives. So as I lie here,
with probably only days*

*left of my life, it is my hope that this unbelievable and miraculous
story wil be finished and*

*lied to by a nefarious administration within our world's
governments, the military industrial*

*released soon for al who "believe" and for those who want to make a
positive contribution to*

*complex and money-hungry, deceitful, powerful families thereof; for
there lies a horizon*

*mankind, al owing the light of truth to shine upon this controlled,
impersonation of reality. If*

*beyond the "ice," beyond the oceans. It can now be your opportunity
and real challenge to reveal*

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perchance the CIA/NIA read the book and travel to the Gate, they

will not be allowed to enter,

their goals set forth by the Party's administration. A few years later, one afternoon at school, I

for their craft will be whisked away back to where they started, I do believe.

took off early to finish a personal project of mine that involved an experiment in

hydrodynamics. My desire to be a mechanical engineer in hydrodynamics, kept me busy, for I

was certain that I could design a mini-sub/aircraft. My idea spawned from a particular

Sojourn to Paradise Mountain

American science fiction TV series, that aired every Saturday on our local channel. But on that

particular day as I arrived home, I thought I remembered a dark sedan driving away from our

Sunday mornings, father would take me to the waterfall , whose mighty and majestic

house. I ran to intercept the vehicle, but was too late to see who it was and apparently they did

mountains filled the morning sky. A small lake filled with Torsk by neighboring families was

not see me, or wanted to. I recall Anna seeing something similar afterwards, but never

both formed by natural forces of the water's incessant flow and by man, for a larger source of

discussed the subject, rationalizing that someone had lost their way. I knew Henrick was being

fish-much needed during the harsh winters from the Arctic circle. Henrik Johanssen was an

followed, for he confided in me after I spoke about that mysterious

car all too often. After his

*extremely quiet man, and with strong convictions and morals.
Though an atheist, he never*

*explanation, I began to worry about his dealings with the APK. Many
nights I stayed awake*

*imposed his beliefs on anyone else, especially me. If one ever met
him, they would guess him*

*through the countless arguments my parents would have over this
subject. I used to cry myself*

*being a Godly man, which I always believed he was. We would fish
for hours and never left*

*to sleep, and having nightmares about being killed by the NIA by
association alone. My*

*empty-handed as the folks here are one big family and would not
hesitate in sharing their*

*nightmares became a reality years later for my father was found
dead from a fire that nearly*

*spoils. Anna, my mother, a Catholic by birth, would ready us for
church and make darn sure*

*consumed our home, leaving only a skeletal chimney that refused to
crumble. A thorough*

*that we did not reek of fish, as we sometimes were. She too could
stand up to father as far as*

*investigation showed that the fire was caused by a spark from the
fireplace and that dad had*

*integrity and compassion for others, rich or poor. It is not unrealistic
how I became an agnostic,*

*died from asphyxiation during his sleep. Anna and I were contacted
that day, Maundy*

*trying to please both but never easing their disdain for my chosen
belief. During the week days,*

Thursday, a public holiday, for we were visiting her Mother in Narvik.

Anna would leave for her duties in Narvik as the one of many transportation coordinators

Anna never recovered fully, Henrik's death, and became reclusive; spending hours upon

(tour guide) for the cities' touring sites. Henrik would leave later, continuing his duties as an

hours playing her Bechstein piano that she purchased by saving tips from the ubiquitous and

important member of the Norwegian Worker's Communist Party (AKP), an extreme form of

gracious tourist. Sometimes the music was so melancholy that I would leave the house finding

political radicalism; as for me, (whose name means "wanderer") on the other hand, I was

refuge in the mountain falls where dad and I used to fish, Sunday mornings. Our property

readying for school, now at age 7. Usually, then, I am the last to leave the house but the first to

consisted of about an acre and we had to build our new home near the old remains of our

arrive, about 30-45 minutes. This was my family's routine schedule, for the exception of

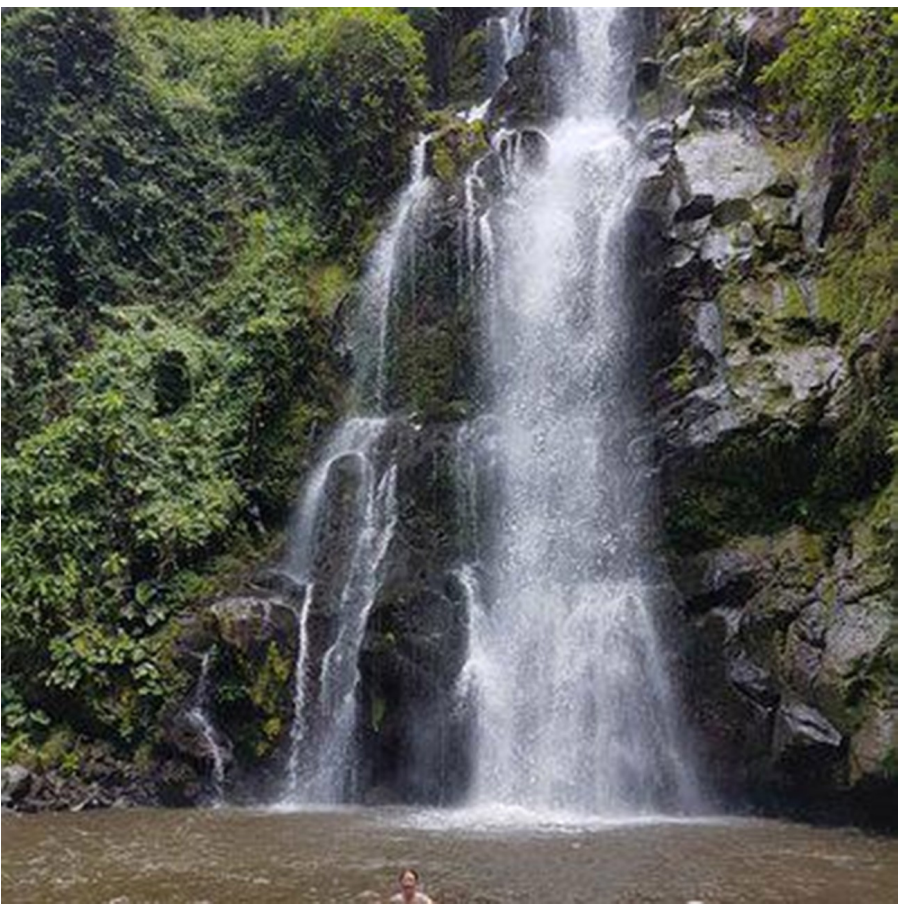
original home. It took a very long time to totally remove the old house and that ugly chimney

Saturdays; Henrik would leave early or sometimes get a ride from an AKP member, continuing

that was a constant, insidious sight that no one needed to see. One year later, Anna sold the

our new home - waterfalls
behind





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property and moved to her mothers for a while. She had her sights on America, as there was

The waterfall where we used to fish and swim

interest in her music talents from at least two cities, one in Providence Rhode Island, the other

was the New York Symphony hall. We pulled up stakes and were bound for America, the land of

opportunity, the home of the free.



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place for both to swim and hike in an area named Jerimoth Hill, due west of home, in a 30-

I believe coincidences are nothing more than a warning or clues to future events and a bit of

minute trek. Also I discovered a shipyard due south of home, called the Wickford Shipyard, it too

psychic ability - something real behind it...for the house Anna purchased was once owned by

only 30 minutes away: a coincidence? It was my goal to one day be hired as an engineer at

the Hedison family, whose son starred in the TV series “Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea.” Since

Wickford, for I had hopeful plans for a controversial and radical concept craft that could both

my early childhood, I’ve always wanted to design a real craft that could be both a submarine

and aircraft that would blend in with nature, especial y in our oceans (an Air Marine craft, as

swim and fly, interchangeably, of course.

it were), such as the one portrayed in this science fiction show that looked very similar to a

The only picture I could find of our first home in Providence RI

Stingray. New York was too hustle-bustle for Anna’s life style and she sacrificed a good sum of

potential income by her decision to move us to Providence. I could not have been more happy for

I know Anna as an outdoors type person who loved to garden, whether for food or for the

colorful and sweet fragrances of her favorite flowers and perennials...she especial y enjoyed the

Moss-rose purslane, a native succulent of Argentina. With 8 bedrooms, a ful attic and

basement, we could potential y rent rooms in our early Victorian home and grow acres of

gardens and flowers; her latest piano concerto, written during her sad year(s) of mourning

Father’s death, had financial y secured us for many, many years, for none of us could afford life

insurance, especial y at that given period of time that we al shared

earlier as a strong nuclear

family. Anna adopted me at age 2, being left behind on a cold step-way to the rear entry of a

local church that Anna attended. Henrik was diagnosed as being sterile, after fruitless attempts

to have more children. There was talk about a second child that they wanted to adopt but those

plans came to a sudden halt after Henrick's ill-fated tragedy. It took 3 long years for our shared

anguish and fear to slowly dissipate into a much brighter future ahead. We have acclimated to

our new surroundings and improved our broken English to an understandable flow of thought

to others who were in our daily life routine. I was now in high school and Anna, a resident

pianist for the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra. I enjoyed driving and discovered a nice



highly opinionated and forward-she portrayed a mother-like instinct which was funny to me,

I

for she was so young. We all had a pleasant lunch on the patio and talked till you could hear the

was accepted at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at age 16 majoring in

sound of the Whippoorwill.

Hydrodynamics and minoring in Oceanography. Anna, had met Myra Hess, a warm and

After having finished my Masters, I had 5 more years to get my Doctorate's. I was hired at

gentle like person who also was employed by the Philharmonic Symphony, and she too played

Wickford's shipyard 7 months before obtaining my Masters. About that time, if my memory

the piano and very well, I might add. Things seemed to be falling in place and I often

serves me, all three of us purchased a small cabin home at Jerimoth Hill. This turned out to be

wondered if God was helping us-mother can be so extremely convincing, and at times I feel his

very propitious for our health and the craft's water trials, for we spent hours swimming and

presence as she speaks and practices the Word of our Father. I really miss Henrik at this moment

hiking, selecting only our trail, not the ones that were available; it also was good for me and

and often wonder how things would be if he was with us today. I am sure that he would be

Myra to get more acquainted, for Anna did not always go, for she

did not want to leave her

*proud of the both of us as we were of him. And, as I tell my story,
there is none here to express*

*precious gardens which allowed Myra and I to have more time
together, I'm thinking..*

*my thoughts and pleasant memories of the life I have lived, but for
the exception of weird*

dreams that seem to be so real.

*As the years quickly flew by, I have made great strides in the
accomplishments of my dream*

*to create an Aquair craft; Aquair Marine&Crafts (AMC) is from the
words aqua and air and*

*it will be my company's name one fine day. Anna is seeking an early
retirement as she wants to*

*spend the rest of her life gardening and getting out of bed when she
so desires, not being pushed*

*by the wave of "time." Myra now lives with us. I remember driving
home from school one*

*weekend and noticed 2 vehicles in the car port. My immediate
thought was CIA or NIA agents,*

*for the vehicle was a black sedan, similar to the one back home. I
was not informed of Myra's*

*move and I think that was because Anna wanted to surprise me (she
knew that I liked her).I*

*was thinking this may be awkward for me and chose to have the attic
converted to a*

*comfortable living area. But that did not last long as Anna reassured
me that staying up there,*

*so sequestered from others, appeared creepy, plus I believe she
wanted Myra to become more than*

just friends. I was very bashful and felt stupid being around Myra for

she was so open but



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that they promised is still active as I write, for I am receiving monies from them in my account.

The shipyard was working on a new contract for the Navy when I arrived. My department

My propeller design is shown below, made out of a titanium alloy, an alloy known to me and

dealt with hydrodynamics which was definitely in my field of interest and knowledge. The

its manufacturer; its properties are incorporated in the craft's overall frame's tensile strength.

Navy wanted a new design for a submarine that would have stealth abilities, primarily. Our

department was presently working on a new propeller design. I usually took our assignment to

the cottage, for it was quiet and very private. Here I could take long walks and think more

clearly about a more efficient propeller design for my craft. I did not want anyone knowing

about my previous design quite yet though I decided to release the propeller design as a proposal

for the Navy, for the shipyard needed this much needed contract. I felt I was being followed

and monitored during my work on a radical propeller design for my craft's flying ability. I

was very interested in my craft's concept ever since I was influenced by the TV show, Voyage to

the Bottom of the Sea. My propeller design was accepted out of 12 other proposed designs.

Shortly after the shipyard's propeller contract to the Navy, I received messages on my cabin

door; messages that read the same statement, "We need to talk with you". I finally obliged and

met with "them" at the cabin. I could have reported this to the police department but felt that

they could not help because I was thinking that these notes came from the CIA and NIA. They

wanted me to design a similar propeller for their "spy" subs. When I confronted these agents, I

asked one simple question: "Did you have any connection to the fire that killed my father"? They

admitted to following my father due to his ties with the AKP, but denied any involvement in

Henrik's death. I told them that I would think about it and will get back later at the cabin.

This is the propeller that was accepted, over my department's design, by the Navy. Of course

They offered me financial help in my new craft. They did not know that my mini sub could fly,

the Navy had no knowledge of any secret spy sub of the CIA. Later you will see my new

I think, for I had not started the design for its flying abilities and said nothing to no one about

propeller design which allows for both sea and air transport for my craft, named the Sea

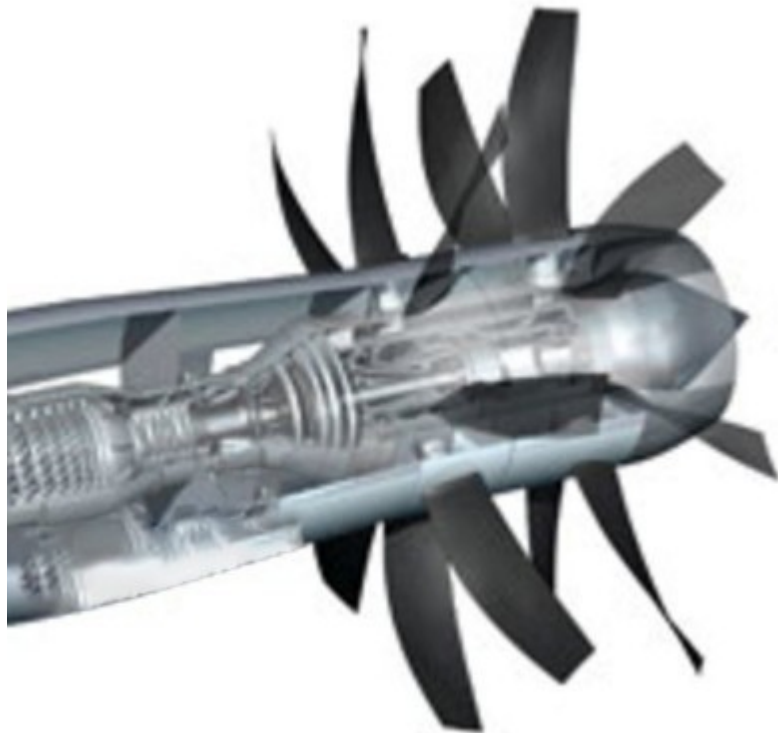
its existence. I accepted their terms and about 6 months later, I handed them the same propeller

Anomaly. Its design is in my head and never once did any knowledge of creating this multi-

design that the Navy had purchased and I never again had any further contact nor notes

purpose craft escape to foreign countries

pinned to my door: Apparently the propeller performed its given task. The financial support



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Years later I am finding myself more interested in nature. I had finished the 5 years of

Anna had arranged a party for both me and Myra including her friends she has acquired of

further schooling for my PhD and sought an early retirement from the shipyard. I am

the 7- plus years of occupancy here in Providence. I was comfortable with my prototype

tremendously grateful for the support of Anna and Myra, not to exclude monies received by the

proper design and the financial support of the CIA. I felt that if they knew about my craft's

CIA and especially the Holy Spirit. The cabin now has been my home

and Anna and Myra

flying ability, they would be knocking on my door once more, here at home or the cabin. I am

visited me daily. The maple, blossoms of fruit trees, hickory, dogwood and poplar trees,

not certain as to why I kept the craft so secret, its flying abilities especial y.. My plan now is to

decorated the environment here and at home. These colors cover close to a full spectrum of light,

start construction on a prototype of the Sea Anomaly 4 at the cabin for I requested the removal

and they invite the viewer to smile and feel accepted by nature's openness and beauty. The Sea

of all hidden microphones. My detector showed that they had removed all of them and I felt

Anomaly 4's sub model is near completion; the air craft model will be built later in a secret

safe enough to start construction. Back to the party while I was thinking about a million things.

place only known by me. I have no drawings nor prints to rely on yet for the flying aspect, just

The food was great and I loved Anna's friends. Myra and I had some time together during and

the memory inside my head. The first sub trial was tested, surreptitiously, near Wickford; later,

after the party. One of Anna's friends looked very familiar to me but I could not put my finger

the craft's flying test was near the cabin at the lake below the cabin. The prototype was fully

on it, hoping it would surface later with an answer. I stayed at home now for the duration of

functional without too many problems. I was indeed happy with the trial results of Sea

my vacation given to me just after my new propeller design acceptance. I took this time to

Anomaly 4. I planned on giving the craft to Anna on her birthday; all trials were complete,

spend with Anna and Myra. We loved walking and hiking the most and spent many days at

both sea and air. I plan on taking Sea Anomaly 7 (latest model) to the Gate during winter, as

the cabin. The house in Providence was semi occupied by Sam, a friend of Anna's. He was hired

requested by Myra, hopefully in a few more years.

as the "fix-it" man who took care of the house maintenance and the automobiles.

I have converted our cabin site into a veritable laboratory, but in stealth as much as possible.

Both Anna and Myra have been most supportive and realized how important we keep both

This is a model of my new propeller design attached to an electric motor

crafts secret. I built a full cloister for dining, as the cabin and tool shed were full of equipment

and sundry items. On inclement weather, I would travel back "home" and dine with Anna and

Myra; I especially enjoyed Myra's company, for she never spent a night at the cabin. I also had

the benefit of Myra's homemade wine, whose grapes were grown by Anna. I do not recall the

type of grape, but do remember it's rare and unusual taste, with a hint of a piquant flavor mixed

with a honey flavor after taste. With so much free time between us, we decided to travel to

Norway and Sweden. This trip was very special for me for I wanted to visit the Vasa Museum

in the Royal National City Park in Stockholm. The Vasa, a wooden ship built between 1626

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and 1628, foundered early on its maiden voyage. Later it was recovered and restored and now

far to see the craft in detail. Later, I will continue the last trials at the lake behind the cabin. At

“moored” in a museum for all to see, viewing in delight. I can not believe that no pictures were

this point in my life, I could not be any happier. The flying abilities will be my biggest task as

taken, if so, I never saw them. On our return back home we stopped in Narvik and stayed for a

far as stealth and chose to fly at night. The actual morphing and transformation from air to

week to see all of our friends and sup with them. I of course had to visit the falls and explore

water was very simple for both propulsion systems will use near the same patented rotary

my memories of Henrik. I felt his presence while at the lake, and at the new home where one of

blades(re.page16). I am at a point whether to stay at the cabin or to move everything out and

Anna’s many friends had purchased. The Smith family from “coincidentally,” Rhode Island,

proceed to the basement at Anna’s house. This way, we can all be

together if anything is needed

had added another room to the house for they loved adopting children who were either

or something happens. Working on the aircraft portion of the Sea Anomaly (SA7) has been

abandoned or whose parents could not afford to raise. I invited Myra to the lake for a

extremely complicated and my computation has not been accurate, for I worried about the ratio

comforting swim and she said that would be great for she was the best swimmer of we three.

of horsepower to the crafts total weight. Composite material had been in big demand and the

We must have swam for hours and I remember not seeing Myra in the water. I looked around

chances of getting the materials I need are lessened due to the strike at all the factories;

and finally saw her near the water fall talking to some one I did not recognize. I did not say

eventually the strike was over, and was anxious to test the craft's ability to fly. Being propelled

anything about it as we both left to get with Anna. The old chimney had finally been removed

by electric motors, the decibel reading is very low. The Sea Anomaly 7 is near complete; it can be

years ago and now a large flower garden had taken its place. After a long stay at the Smith's,

disassembled into 3 major components (#4 had 5 components) in less than 2 hours with no

we all gave our blessings and left for the hotel. That following morning, we all gathered our

problem loading the craft and taking it to the lake.. The moon was full, its cold blue light

stuff for a non stop trip to T. F. Green International Airport in Rhode Island.

hauntingly beautiful, following me wherever I went. It's 2am and the craft is ready now for

Now I am back at work on the Sea Anomaly's final trials while Anna and Myra are

its first epic flight. I crossed my fingers and toes and activated the start up procedure. The sound

working on their project to help feed the needy, especially in the middle east area. They would

of an electric motor above my head told me all systems are looking good. The onboard

package what was grown from our large garden and deliver the goods to a nearby warehouse.

NavComputer system, if needed, can fly me to any coordinate within range, and if an

From there, the goods were delivered to a make-shift airport, owned and provided by the city of

emergency should occur the craft would take me to either home or the closest hospital depending

Providence. From there, direct to the city of Aleppo in Syria. We wanted to ship our food to the

on the severity of the emergency. All systems go and I begin to hover as I slowly moved to the

States, but there was too much red tape, so we were happy to give to Syria. We were financially

lake. What I need to do is crucial to the survival of me and SA7. A 45 degree entry angle is the

able to give to the needy, and we did not worry much where it was given. My first trial run of

optimum angle in which the craft turns into the sub mode, so to speak, and begins its given task.

the Sea Anomaly 7 performed without any problems, for the exception of a few on lookers who

I am flying very well and beginning my descent in the lake. It was so dark after the splash

wanted to get closer to see what I was doing with this strange looking craft. Testing near the

down and I was beginning to think that my lighting system was shorted out- it worked fine

shipyard was a mistake but nothing ever happened as far as the few witnesses, for they were too

while I was flying. Dead in the water (though I could maneuver), my only immediate solution





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was to bang the dash with my head (helmet on) and in so doing,

eureka! It worked and al

systems light was now fully functioning. I maneuvered the craft for about ten minutes in the

lake and began to propel the craft at a 45 degree and engaged a thrust component (top secret

Sea Anomaly7 custom model

component) to allow my escape from the water to the air in only 5 seconds (sub is 150 ft below.)

I could not believe that this first flight out of water worked so smoothly without any major

problems. I was so full of my self and unbelievably happy. After a series of tests, I disassemble

the craft and loaded her back up. I went to bed at about 5:30 and slept until 3 in the afternoon.

My Aquair craft named the Sea Anomaly7

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Anna, Sam and Myra left me a note saying they were at Gooseberry Beach and they want

percentage of nickel (89 per cent) using manganese and aluminum for the other ingredients-

me to meet them there as soon as I could. Gooseberry beach is where Sam lives, in a little

plus cobalt is very rare and expensive. I wanted to try these new comers on Sea Anomaly 4, for

cottage nestled between two sand dunes that were created by the last hurricane. I donned my

I know they would fit Sea anomaly 7. I trialed SA4 at the lake the following morning and all

clothes and grabbed my coffee and dry toast and hit the road. Under

an hours drive, their wait

worked out better than expected. Sam and Myra wanted to fly SA4 as well.. I did not utter a

should not be that long- I abhor being late for anything, and they may also. I was hoping to

word about Sam to Anna; it seemed so insignificant for some strange reason, to confront her

perform trial runs at night and perhaps leave the craft here at Sam's cottage. On arrival, the

about him, so I forgot about it. If he is still an agent, so be it. If the CIA wanted me to sell

girls gave me a hug and eagerly inquired about my preliminary tests last night. I gave them all

them the rights to the whole craft, I would in a minute because my gut feeling, at this juncture,

a large smile and said it worked like a charm. I had a chance to speak with Sam and wanted to

said everything was okay.(later I realized that they were only interested in the new propeller

hire his services; this would be a great plus for my overall tests and trials. It was getting late

design, curiously enough.) As I am running my mouth, I'm thinking, where's the SA4, where

and I asked Anna and Myra to drive my truck back home and charge the craft's batteries for I

did they go? Anna handed me a glass of tea and invited me to sit with here at the picnic table.

left in haste and forgot charging them this morning. Sam and I followed later, for I needed

She was concerned about me as I had not slept enough and suggested I relax this day and start

more time to talk to Sam. I found that Sam used to work for the CIA but he claims to be no

fresh in the following morning. Out of the blue, I looked up and was looking at the under belly

longer associated with the agency (yeah, right). I was going to hire him but I decided that

of SA4, but with only one passenger. "What happened to Myra," I exclaimed? "She got light-

would not be fruitful for the project, and played it off and we went to a bar and had a few. The

headed and felt sick to her stomach, so I left her at the cabin," shouted Sam. We all went to the

more he talked, the more I wanted to fire him, but I needed to get with Anna firstly.

cabin and were very concerned, but I was thinking it was the craft that made her feel sick.

I decided on another area of the beach for the final trials of entering and exiting SA7 in sea

Myra was feeling better now but she was not quite herself.

water. Myra's father Roland, seemed to be interested in my project and later became my

We trucked back home (it was Anna's birthday) and as we arrived, I could smell the aroma

volunteer as an assistant for me. Roland eagerly offered to test the craft at his home which is

of cooked sea food. It was Roland, apparently he was able to find the house key that Myra had

only a mile down the beach, for he too owned a summer cottage. I asked Roland to drive us back

cleverly hidden for him. He had cooked up a morsel of fin fish and crustacean, with roasted

home for I had one too many and was exhausted, mentally; the trials were completed without

corn on the cob. Roland confronted me first about the idea of using his place for the final sea

any major problems, so we headed back home. The Sea Anomaly 7 is now ready for flying.

trials and thought it would be better for all.. I obliged and thanked him dearly. We both

As we were examining a new technology in batteries, I thought it would be wise to order

rushed over to Myra and consoled her. She was much better now but felt a bit weak. That

them; the advertisement claimed the new battery was twice as strong than its previous brand:

following morning, we all packed our gear and was off to the beach once more. SA7 fit snugly

It is a cobalt-free lithium-ion battery. Researchers at the University of Texas had developed a

in the large step van of Roland's. Myra and Anna wanted to fly SA4 and I wanted to stay

lithium-ion battery that doesn't use cobalt for its cathode. Instead it switched to a high

with Myra but I was eager to get started. The first flight trial commenced at the beach. While



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We packed up, left the Sea Anomaly at the AMC warehouse at Roland's and discussed the

the sun was setting, we flew SA7 for 2 hours without a problem. The 3 landing pods did not

locations of future craft assembly locations. We agreed to assemble the crafts at both Anna's

function, so we "subbed" it back to the beach. We were able to solve the problem with the

basement and later, assembled all at the warehouse.

landing gear for there was a leak in the hydraulics, and easily repaired. We both were in the

Returning home, I made a bee line to Myra's room. I found her sleeping, and I sent a prayer

craft this last trial and traveled for 2 more hours, landed on the beach and flew another 3 or 4

for her well being. Roland wanted to take her to the emergency hospital near by, and Anna and

hours. Upon finishing the trials, I noticed the batteries were over half charged. The new tech

I fully agreed. That evening at the hospital, Roland was informed by a physician that Myra

batteries were far more superior than the ones in the craft. I could now travel over 500 nautical

had contracted a rare and deadly disease named, "echo virus." My head started to get light and I

miles in the sub and over 600 miles in the aircraft and a round trip with spare batteries which

soon passed out from the lack of sleep coupled with the thought of Myra dying. Anna, Sam and

we always had available; She was now ready for her "final" trip to the secret Gate.

Roland rushed to my aide and had me lie down on the waiting room's couch. We stayed at the

hospital over night for a week by at least two of us. Myra and I were planning on getting

Photo of the Sea Anomaly 4 (w/o the Air Craft package) during its trials

married soon, and I wanted to marry her before she passed on. As I sat by her bed, I held her

weak hand and prayed silently. She was awake and fully cognizant of her condition. She

agreed to get married and we soon became husband and wife. Just before passing on, she

whispered to me that she dreamed the two of us were on a mountain talking about the

salvation of our souls. I took a deep breath as I was still Agnostic but leaning more to the

acceptance of Christ in my life. As I thought those words, she passed on with a graceful and

peaceful countenance. I cried in secret and actually spoke the Lord's prayer for the first time in

my life.

Life at home, the cabin (cottage) and the shop at Roland's seemed meaningless now. Time

had stopped for me as I tried to collect my thoughts and memories that were now fused into one

big mournful cry. My dreams now seemed so real, as if she was alive again and that she never

died. I wanted to be alone now but knew that Anna needed me here at home and Roland

needed me at the shop. Sam has been very supportive to all and he volunteered his services with

the overall inspection of SA7 and its further production. I recall in the past several nights,

Myra being in my dreams. The number 17 was ringing in my ears and I could not stop it. 17

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was echoed constantly and I woke up thinking about the importance of that number. It soon

Paradise, all will one day be revealed to all that had been lied to." It did not make any sense to

came to me as we all, Sam, Roland and I, realized that she was talking about the production of

anyone until much later. We added her music and Anna's to both craft's music banks and

SA7, and that 17 crafts should be produced very soon and stored in a controlled environment. I

listened to it while flying around at night and day at the cabin site. It is truly remarkable how

did not understand this dream and knew it could not be real, only a lucid dream with no

much levity we had then, never once been confronted by angry onlookers nor the local patrol.

relevance to the real world, just an empty dream. Roland too, was having dreams whereby

It was as if our work became slowly a mission, a mission no one knew except Myra.

Myra was speaking to him about having 17 more and how important that number was. We

Three years have passed and many more clues/messages are forever in my dreams. The latest

all agreed finally, that she was telling us to manufacture 17 SA7's for they will be needed in the

was a code given to me for use later. The code is the key to getting beyond a gate that is guarded

not too distant time period; Anna too, agreed that it made sense to her now that she thought of

by either Enoch or Elijah. The Aquair Marine&Crafts (AMC) shop/warehouse was doing

it. She told us that Myra was psychic and spoke of a time when everybody in the world will

well.. I had transferred the monies from the CIA (yes, still receiving) to our business account to

stop working, protesting everything that Big Brother was cramming down their throats. My

keep the business alive. Roland and Sam have finished the task of constructing the 17 crafts

dreams afterwards, were “normal” for I never heard her voice for quite some time now. Life

that Myra requested, plus many more we should have at a later time. All 17 are stored in the

moved on and instead of hiding away and nurturing my feelings, I hired a few local mechanics

warehouse at AMC in a controlled environment and are ready for release at a given time, only

and engineers to help us complete the task of assembling 17 SA7s. I wanted Anna to be with us,

known to Myra. I think I am loosing my mind, thinking that Myra is alive. The dreams are so

for if alone, even when Sam is with her, she would not be as productive, playing her piano,

real, yet I know they can not be real. Also, Anna and Sam got married last year and reside at

shielding her innermost thoughts and feelings. As for Roland, he has not been the same, which

the home here in Providence. I have moved to the cabin, against Anna’s wishes, but I visit

is truly understandable, some days he would not show up for work and he started to drink more

often enough, for it is only 30 minutes away. The AMC is solely ran by Roland; all orders come

to sooth his anguish and sorrow. Sam, on the other hand, was the glue that kept us al together,

through here, including all email recipients; he has hired a mechanic to repair any and all types

for he was humorous, silly and a bit crazy. Anna agreed to be with us instead of being

of boats and Roland sells chiefly small craft boats to include jet skis, etc. His personal SA7 is

sequestered in her music. We all had tremendous fun with SA7, for the upgrades have it talking

in tip top shape and both he and Sam have made some unique changes to the craft's overall

back at us, as if it was a sentient being. This craft was ahead of its time and without it, our

design and performance. So far as my dreams are concerned, it seems that there is a huge and

"mission" would be fruitless. Anna had found some music recordings tucked away in Myra's

very important mission that only I can accomplish. The codes, according to my dreams, will be

laptop and shared them to all. Roland wanted a hard copy of her music and listened to it while

uploaded in 17 pre-selected email accounts of the recipients. As soon as my "mission" is

working at the Aquair Marine & Crafts. There was one song in particular, that puzzled all of

completed, these codes will be available to the 17. If there are navigational problems, the craft

us for the exception of Anna; she remembered this song because Myra distinctly emphasized that

is instructed to employ its automatic pilot algorithm which will lead the selected directly to the

she had no clue as to the meaning of the lyrics. One line read, "The Borderland, the mountain of

gate. It is important that all 17 must travel at a specific time and date. It is up to Sam and

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Roland to instruct each selected person how to operate their craft and when to embark to the

stronger and more forceful. Many of the “good” rulers have taken the lead and began to be

gate; he had a direct line to the recipient that is monitoring me. Myra said that each person is

gaining ground for the good of the majority. In another dream, Myra tells me what to speak to

spiritually protected and guided before, during and after, forever. Their task will be to

the gate keeper; the code is a phrase written by Quintus Horatius Flaccus, a Roman lyric poet,

disseminate what they have seen and learned beyond the gate. The 17 will be figureheads that

and it reads, “Pale death speaks equally at the poor man’s gate and at the palaces of kings.” Am

everyone knows, who hold powerful positions in government from the 4 corners of the earth.

I to believe my dreams are real. Is Myra actually communicating with me or is it me, not

Some are religious, but most are not. It will be soon now, that my mission must begin first

wanting to let go, and making this all up just for my own comfort? The last dream I had of

before the 17crafts; I have yet to receive its location, or really believe its existence, but am ready

Myra was the one that told me the exact coordinates of the Gate:

“444 miles from the southern

for the task. Anna’s dreams are similar to mine; however, hers were more concerned about

tip of Australia and follow the light to the gate” were her specific words spoken to me. It will be

Myra’s welfare and such, not as much about a mission or a gate. I wanted Anna to be with me,

mid-winter before I can take the trip to the gate on Wednesday, February 3rd at 4:49 p.m. I

but the dreams pointed mainly to me, as the sole person to journey there.

had to leave Providence for a while and meditate on all that I’ve been through. Anna is safe

We are all gathered around the fire that Sam had made, drinking hot chocolate and such at

with Sam and both he and Roland are hard at work in keeping the store open and updating

the cabin site. Fall was waning and Winter was on its way. My journey will be in the

the data that are needed for the SA7’s computers. It was after new year’s that I embarked on a

winter as will the 17 crafts. Myra said it was paramount that I leave in the winter months for

journey to the Himalayas to meditate and get advise from a Tibetan Priest that I was referred

it will be warm on the other side of the Gate. As the sun circles the earth below it will be at its

to. It was explained to me that my lucid dreams were, for the most part, an actual OTB

closest point to you once you arrive. It is most important to take photos and videos of the sun as

*experience and that a remote viewing occurrence actually happened;
for the Priest had similar*

*it slowly moves away from you. The more one documents this area,
the more proof you wil*

*viewings of a place beyond the ends of the oceans and described
vividly its surroundings. He did*

*have when explaining to the world. Most rulers, if not all, know
something about a gate and*

*not elaborate further, nor did I ask. It was getting close to mid-winter
now and I must leave*

*what is on the “other side” (Admiral Byrd’s expedition) but were
warned to keep it secret as it*

*and journey back home. I felt releaved and more relaxed knowing
that I was not loosing my*

*may lead to God’s existence which “They” (Satan) today, are trying
to hide. No one knows why*

*mind. I was anxious to tell others about my trip, for there were other
things I witnessed and*

*we were allowed to see the other side but assumed it was our Father’s
will. One of the most*

*learned during my long hours of meditation. Before leaving the
Priest’s home, he warned me of*

*horrid visions I received in my lucid dreaming was the image of
everybody on earth had*

*a decision I had to make after my visit on the “other side” and that
by doing so, would*

*stopped working the 9 to 5 jobs in protest to the oppressive
governments. I did not receive*

determine my fate.

*anything more beyond that but I surmised the whole truth is about to
be released from the*

Before embarking on the 3rd of February, all of us patriots packed our skiing gear and headed

“shackles of evil” once and for all. After all 17 (Anna received a code and she was the 17 th

towards Yawgoo Valley south of us. The snow was real, not like 2 seasons ago, whereby snow

chosen) including myself, have finished their “assignment,” the protests will become much

had to be artificially produced to keep the tourist happy and insuring the ski resort’s much

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needed income flow. I never knew how much fun it was to ski again, after so many skiing

suppose. I will be tracked by both the CIA and a recipient whose main task, according to Myra,

outings in Narvik. My friends and Anna truly are a good bunch to be with and made the

is to publish and upload this event in PDF format to all and the special chosen ones of the 17,

skiing event much fun and laughter. Out of the 4 of us, Roland was the best at skiing and the

immediately.

oldest of us all. He wanted to stay longer but knew he and Sam must train each person who has

As I prepared for this epic journey, I kept thinking about the whole picture, its meaning and

received the code, for they would need training to operate the craft to complete their given task.

its effect on the human race. Why am I the one to spearhead this trek that leaves me smack in

With the advent of nanotechnology, all systems and components work in a homogeneous unison,

the middle of the ocean, according to the given coordinates, with no island to be seen? I am not

always correcting possible malfunctions before it ever occurs. One could say that each craft was a

sure, but I am trusting our Father that there is a reason for it. The Navy shipped me and my

sentient being, having it own "personality", so to speak. Aside from the craft being total y

craft to one of the many ports in Melbourne, Australia. And when I arrived, I was introduced

destroyed, I trust the engineering and care that is incorporated in each craft. The sheer

to my contact, Jedda, an Aborigine whose farm was the place where we would disembark for

simplicity operating the craft is simply amazing, especial y knowing that its automatic pilot

our sojourn to the Gate. I am thinking maybe he is the same person that Myra had seen when

will never fail to lead one to safety. Extra crafts were available in case one fails before and

we were at the waterfall in Narvik, for his skin was dark and his hair was pitch black.

during its flight or underwater destination plan.

It's now the 3 rd of February and I will soon be entering Sea Anomaly7 during the night.

It is now the 2 nd of February and all the hugs and kissing poured out of our loving and

The morning's water looked like a reflecting mirror revealing an azure blue sky. I wanted so

caring hearts. I wanted to stay home and try to forget, if only for a brief moment, my trip to

badly to travel during the day but for security reasons we had only one simple solution.. travel

the Gate. I will miss Anna tremendously but am delighted that she was one of the chosen 17. I

by night. The food that Jedda ate consisted of a variety of plant foods such as fruits, nuts, roots,

could not think of anyone more capable and deserving for this momentous journey that we are

vegetables grasses and seeds, as well as different meats such as kangaroo, porcupine⁷, emus,

about to embark. I drove to the cabin once more to savor the sweet memories I remembered.

possums, goannas, turtles, shellfish and fish. He invited me to sup with him for brunch, as I was

Before leaving, I noticed a note on the door of the cabin which read "Good Luck". Who left the

having a bout of circadian dysrhythmia. I looked over the selection of food and decided to go to

note, I am not sure, but to only guess that it was an agent who cared for me from the CIA or

a fast food restaurant. He smiled and said eat with me. I acquiesced and started with the

perhaps the NIA; just not sure, but it made me feel more comfortable, for I do not handle the

nuts. Jedda told me that he will be with me throughout the journey and at its end. I was

"unknown" that well. I am sure I will be followed as will the 17, but since they have no code, it

hoping the craft would be stable enough for a 200 pound person, for I did not crunch the

would be impossible for them to enter the gate; as a matter of fact, even if they should get their

numbers thoroughly enough to be comfortable with that extra 30 pound payload (see insert

hands on a code, they would still be rejected, for only the chosen few, for now, may enter to

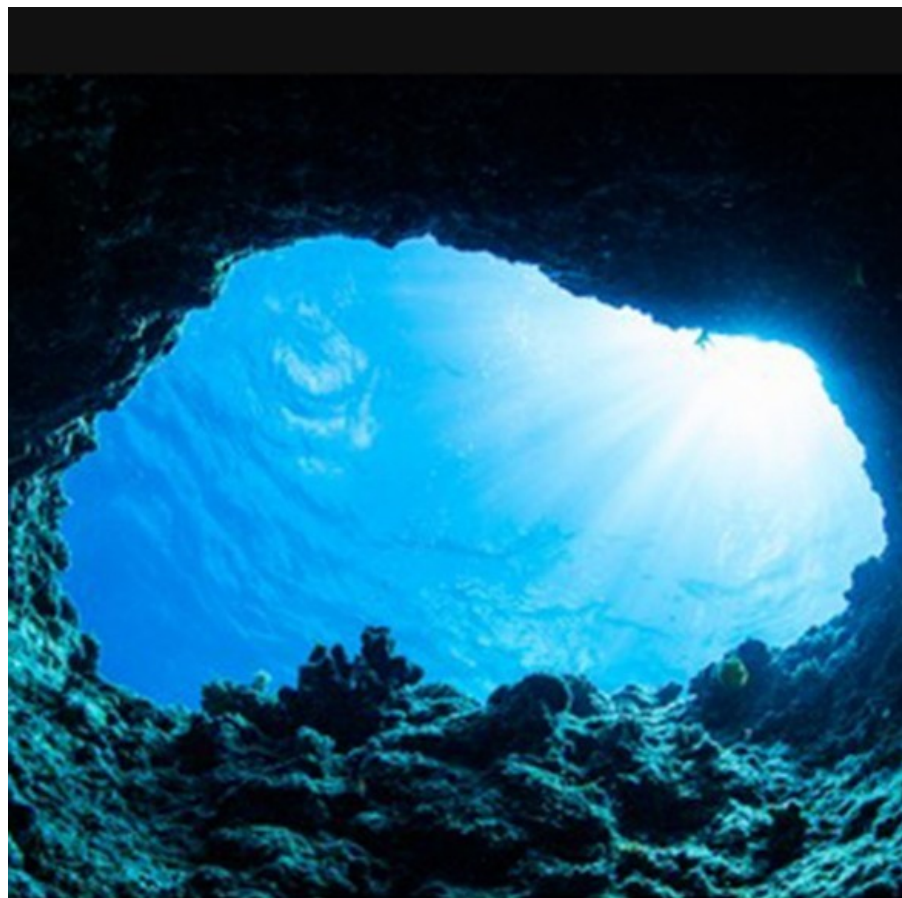
p.21). However, I felt comfortable knowing Jedda was with me for many reasons. His

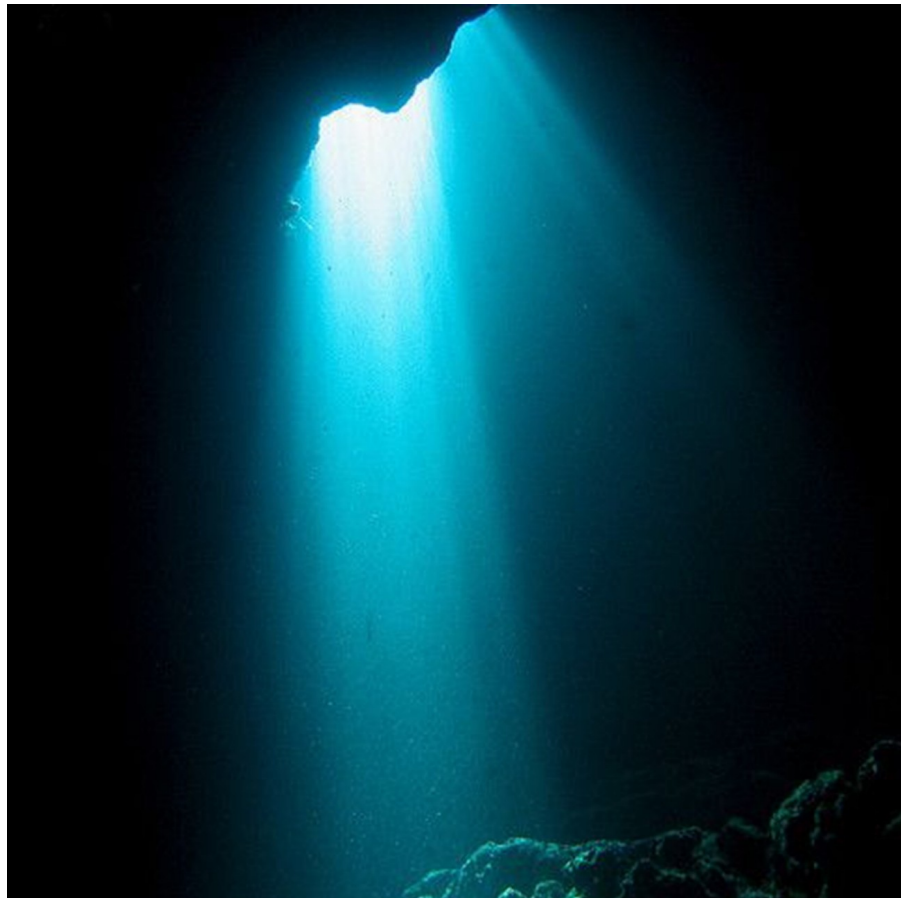
witness the other side of a great wall that surrounds the entire earth (similar to the crust on a

demeanor was calming as a dove's song in the mornings. The days are short now and soon we

pizza) As for what remains for me, I can only guess that I will be with Myra again in spirit, I

will be boarding the Sea Anomaly 7. The time is now as we don our suits and helmets. The





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The light entry just before the Angel at the Gate

sound of those electric motors was reassuring and I felt great at this very moment and climbed

in as we hovered over his field of barely? We soon took off after all the checks and rechecks and

all system analysis were performed. We figured no longer than a 5-hour trip, traveling at an

average speed of 93 miles an hour. As we came near to the 444 mile mark, my stomach

collapsed, for we saw no land, no marker or anything that would

show us where to look. Jedda

had a great idea by submerging in the water and going deep enough to see the bottom of the

ocean. After about 7 minutes, which seemed like an hour, we saw what appeared to be an

opening to a large cave. My heart was so relieved after its “pounding out of my chest” ceased, I

was so amazed at what I saw. Myra’s 444 miles was spot on and exact-she must have

accounted for Earth’s supposed curvature. We slowly traveled through the cave and saw rays of

sunlight at its end. There appeared an opening above us as the sun shone through. I pointed

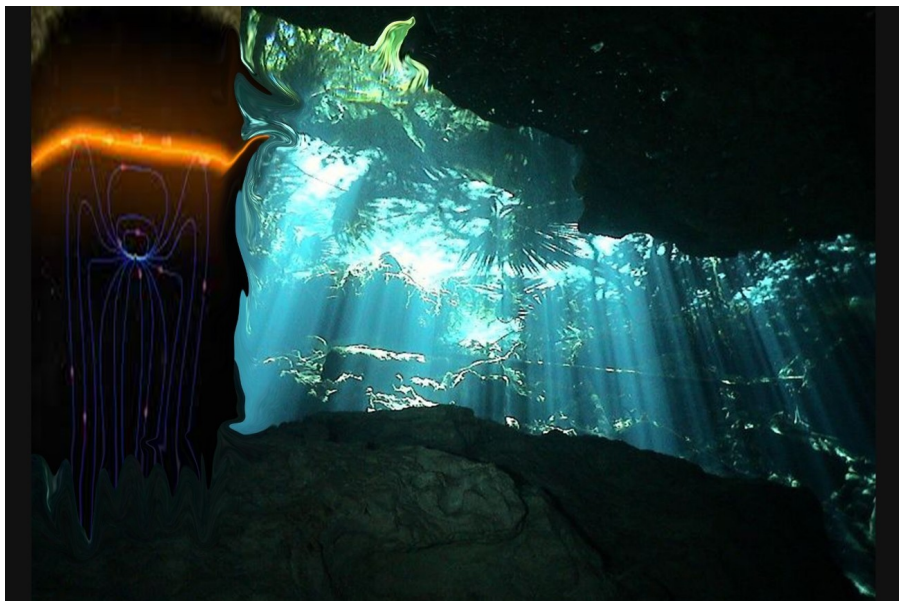
the nose of the sub up to the opening and once through it, we saw an image unimaginable to

anyone, for it was too surreal and bizarre for it to actually exist: It was an angel at the Gate.

We could see flora, as though it was Spring, through a transparent shield-like, undulating

curtain (the Gate).

The cave at 444 miles and 300 feet below



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The Angel at the Gate

I was prepared to give the angel (whose apparition was dimly observable) my code and I

heard this reverberation of sound and something similar to a harp, but with many harps at

different frequencies-not quite sure. I was readying myself and about to say the code, then the

angel spoke. "It is not allowed to have two persons at the gate, at this moment; however, Jedda,

son of Bindi, you may pass but will have to remain inside your vessel. Steig Johanssen, son of

Leif Olsen, adopted by Anna and Henrik Johanssen, you may now speak the code given by your

wife, Myra, daughter of Roland Larson." "Pale Death beats equally at the poor man's gate and

at the palaces of kings." "You may now enter the gate." We both

acknowledged by nodding our

heads, and entered into a frozen cavern. SA7 had smashed against the cavern wall but no

damage was incurred. I stepped out and stretched my legs that felt like logs, heavy with no

feeling. I asked Jedda if he was alright and he nodded with that big smile of his. In the back of

my mind I was thinking why his parents would name their son after a girl's name but forgot

about it. As I gazed at the mouth of this cave, I could see what looked like Spring again, for

there were trees and plant life, abundant. But as I exited, Spring turned into a cold Winter. I

was totally confused and was a bit frightened, until a calming voice uttered, "Welcome, Steig, to

the Borderlands" And as I turned around, I instantly was transitioned, I think, to the top of a

beautiful mountain. Its height exceeded that of the Sun's, for I had to look down to see it as it

was slowly circling and arcing away from me. That voice was that of Myra's and as I readied

myself to speak, she spoke again and asked me to be calm and to listen to what I must hear. She

said, "You are now in a place where time is not necessary and as you observed, the sun is high

above the earth, but Paradise is higher and outside the orbits of both moon and sun. You are

now on this side of the great ice wall which detains the oceans in the Great Receptacle, the

place of Terra Firma—Earth. Your followers must show and tell others that this Paradise

existence is where all good souls rest and that the lesser ones are bound in Eden, which is on the

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other side of this ice wall, near the 4 rivers. The 17 may enter after you, followed by thousands

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travels beyond the Ice Wall. Also, they will be protected from evil, and be able to listen to specific

more will be given a special message, invoked from our Father: "Do you not remember the

souls of Paradise and obtain instruction and more insight as to why this holy place was hidden

Evil one who rules over earth, is hiding a reality that I have promised you. Follow your heart

by the Puppeteers of time and space.

as you now understand what you must do to show others how they have been lied to. If, as

I fell asleep without knowing anything but my dear wife and many days have passed before

Thomas has said, let me touch the wounds, before I can believe; then reveal to my children, this

writing my last entry. I awoke feeling like I was born again for my perspective and thought

place from where I stand."

were changed into a oneness of hope and cheer. I understood the change I must experience, and

Myra spoke to me inside my head, that she loves me very much and that her actions are from

now have, for I believe in the Christ body and its purpose. I feel closer to Myra now and I have

above. "It must be, you and I together in spirit, forever. You must open your spirit and shake off

given myself to him, the Word of God, for the Word is Christ.

the dust that has been created by false worship and self- doubt. You must decide which road to

Why this place? I thought; and Jedda told me this was the safest and most sacred place in the

take, which "Spirit" to follow." She bid us farewell and protection for my journey ahead. I was

world to disseminate my great story and message, and that this place is the underground

speechless, and as I opened my eyes, I was back from where I had started, figuratively and

website with no CIA nor NIA. "Your mission is now complete, a mission conceived by your

literally. I boarded the ship and found Jedda fast asleep. I kicked the instrument panel and a

wife, through the grace and guidance of God," said Jedda. Things now begin to look bright,

steady hum of whirling blades reverberated inside the cab. Jedda responded by stretching his

brighter than the brightest light; for I will soon enter the Gate to Paradise, once again and

arms and legs and asked if things were good with me and us. I smiled and I am sure he got the

never again, to be with Myra and Christ forever and ever. Tell Mother, "Happy Birthday" and

message. We were about to backtrack our route before a voice uttered, "follow me." I

that the SA4 is hers. We never celebrated birthdays as a rule; however, Sam and Roland

maneuvered the craft through the narrow cave opening and was facing the Sun. We could

thought it was a good thing to do for her at this time and moment. I now am taking my last

plainly see the Great Ice Wall and we were able to fly over it and headed due north, I thought,

breath and hoping to be with Myra on Paradise Mountain, in Paradise.

but was heading due north by north west. The craft was apparently controlled by something or

A note from Fatima: "Sometimes one must follow their gut feeling and touch something

someone else. As we were traveling, I had many things to think about and to understand.

like a wound to believe, but never taking the word of man over the Word of our Father.

We are now, from what Jedda had said, in the city of Aleppo in Syria. We were greeted by

After the book has been fully disseminated, which may take years of automation, the spirit of

Jedda's Mother, Fatima, who is half Aborigine and half Syrian. She ushered us to a large room

man will be enlightened and many good things will happen as the light shines forever and can

that was sectioned by 7 walls. It was time for me to write my story, an amazing and

never be hidden. It was the light of the Word that one must obtain to be truly human and

enlightening account of Beyond the Circling Sun. As I am writing, I am told that the book wil

how and why your story was written for man." And, I must add, that our location here is very

be published posthumously, or maybe sooner, and emailed in PDF format, to thousands of

close to Eden.

people, but specifically to the 17 candidates who will have the blue prints of SA7 for future





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A note from Jedda: It was determined that Steig Johanssen had died mysteriously and

The Sun below the summit of Paradise Mountain

abruptly from a virus of unknown origin. His ashes remain here in Syria, and his spirit is

with Myra, I so believe. Anna was contacted but she has a major duty for all and decided to

travel to Paradise Mountain as instructed. I am thinking that she will be with her son and

Myra very soon again, but spiritually, for this is now their final resting place. All necessary

drawings, codes and blue prints are now available for upload to the special 17, high ranking

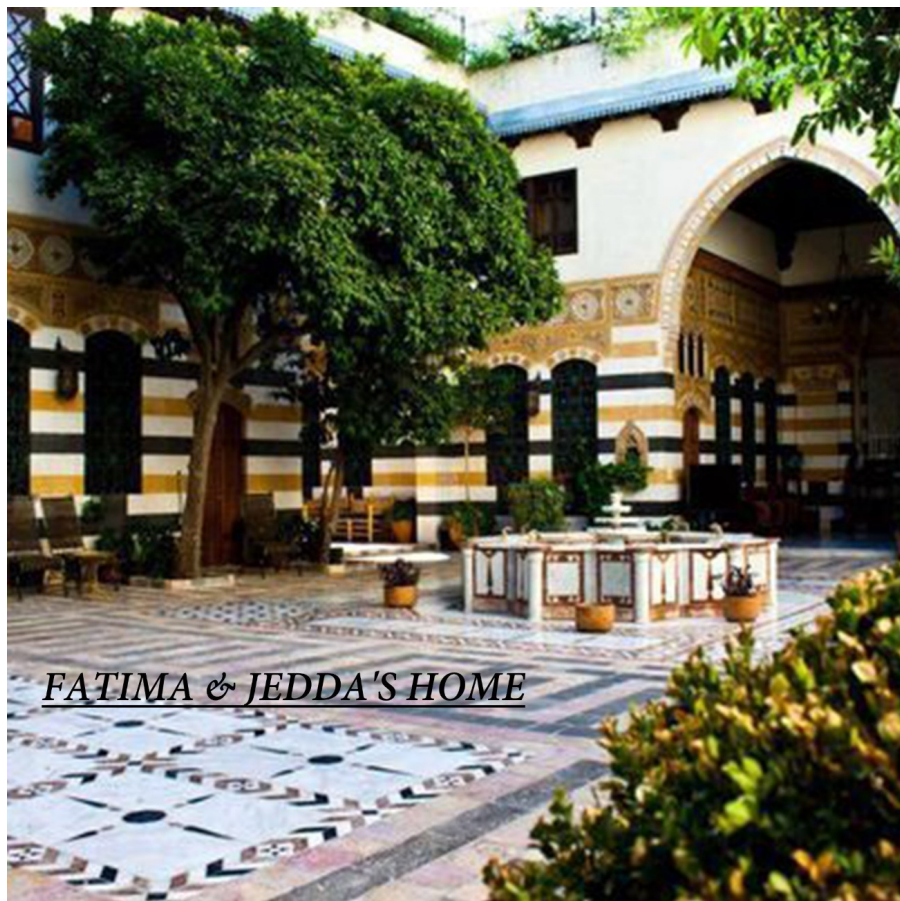
and important personnel . I currently work for the NIA and it was their primary goal to help

guide and fiance Steig to this end; thus, the “unknown entity,” he felt, was following him.

Stuck Beneath the Frozen Wall of Ice

Anna practicing alone in her studio

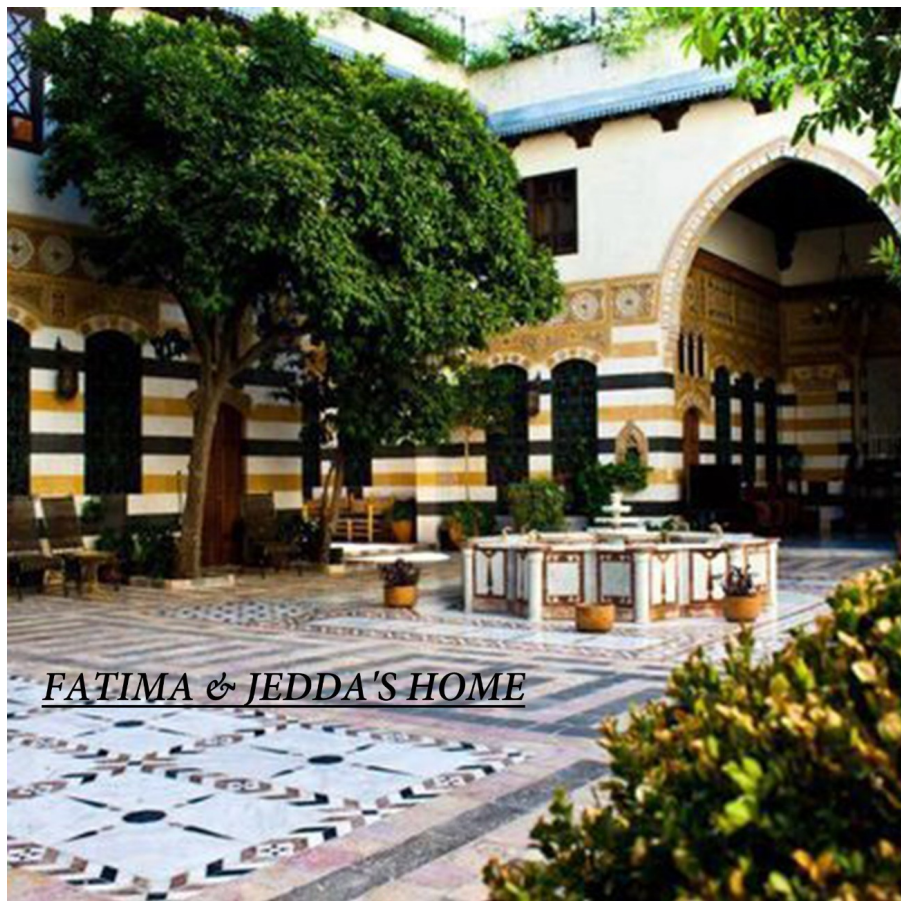




FATIMA & JEDDA'S HOME

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FATIMA & JEDDA'S HOME

ANGEL AT THE GATE
(close-up)



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